

# THE HICKMAN COURIER

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MIT SHAW, PUBLISHER.

T. HERMAN LOVELACE PROZ N  
STIFF BY FULTON DEMO.  
CRATS.

Precinct conventions were held by the democrats in the East and West Ward of Fulton at 1 p m today to select committeemen to represent them on the county democratic executive committee. Herbert Carr was reelected in the West Ward over Thomas Herman Lovelace by a vote of something like 200 to 15. In the East Ward Clarence Bransford withdrew in favor of E Q Croft but his name was not placed in nomination and Henry Taylor was elected by acclamation. Something like 100 democrats attended the meeting in the East Ward.

Heretofore there has been little interest taken in the election of committeemen as all party men have been well pleased with the present organization. A few days ago however, Tom Lovelace desired to "test his strength" and influence(?) with the present organization and resigned his position on the Leader, scattered cards and otherwise announced his candidacy for committeeman against Herbert Carr. Although supported by the opposition paper to the Leader he did not get enough votes in the mass meeting to fill a bench. The test has been made, Sir Thomas has burned his bridges behind him and his old friend, the Leader, congratulates the old anti-get-up and do-something crowd on securing such a fine asset as T. Herman.

Mr. Bransford is a nice young man and we regard him as a good Democrat. As soon as he discovered the true situation he got out as gracefully as possible.

Everything seems working toward harmony between the two ends of Fulton county. Editor Hall of the Commercial spoke some strong words of truth in his article of last week appealing as he did to the common sense of the Hickman people. The committee election goes to prove further good will and peaceful relations if the talk between them is any indication of the feeling of the people of their respective precincts. All alike want to meet half way, give some—take some and place our affairs under organized effort. In unity there is strength so with a committee that really represents the people with the sympathy of the people. Their pull together will be of inestimable benefit to us all.

Ernest Gibbs has taken a philosophical view of the situation and is one of the strongest and hardest workers towards harmony in the county committee. His election as a committeeman in this precinct gives satisfaction to all and his careful watch over affairs political is very commendable indeed.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY IS PLEASED  
AND TO TAKE.

The finest quality of granulated loaf sugar is used in the manufacture of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it quite pleasant to take. W. L. Roderick, of Poolesville, Md., in speaking of this remedy says, "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with my children for several years and can truthfully say it is the best preparation of the kind I know of. The children like to take it and it has no injury after effect. For sale by T. T. Swaine."

Johnston—Mann

A wedding of interest to citizens of Hickman was that in Brownsville, Tenn., Tuesday night last, in which Miss Louise Mann, of that place, and Mr. W. A. Johnston, of this city, were the contracting parties.

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## IN GREATER BONDAGE.

BY R W STANCL.

[Uncle Jake, an exslave, dreamed of a big poisonous serpent licensed by "Uncle Sam" and turned loose among the freedmen to bite, devour and ruin the exslave. The serpent bites all of his children, those of his neighbors and plays havoc among the freedmen. He can't interpret the dream and is much troubled about it. His children make light of him for being so serious, and try to console him by saying "It is only a dream."

Solomon Slocum, of Cold Harbor, Va., sends to Greenfield, N. C. in search of his long lost wife, who was sold twenty five years previous to a planter in the Old North State. His two sons find her living with a second husband. She leaves him and returns with her sons to her old Virginia home to join her former husband and children. They give a re-joining party in honor of her return. Many of the exslaves are invited, among whom were Uncle Jake and his family. The young freedmen get drunk and have a row in which a man and woman are killed, and Uncle Jake's boys and girls are wounded.

Many of those who attended the party are arrested and tried for murder. They are convicted, and sent to the state prison for twenty years. The witnesses testify that whiskey was the chief cause of the trouble, and the greatest foe to the freedmen. Uncle Jake now understands to the meaning of his strange dream. The serpent is the licensed saloon. His boys and son in law are among those sent to the penitentiary. He and his wife grieve over their fate and deplore the temptation placed before the freedmen, and appeal to those who freed the slaves to use their influence to free them from even a greater bondage—the cursed whiskey traffic. He starts on a two years journey among the old soldiers at Hampton Roads, Va., and the citizens of the north, to plead with the freedmen's friends to aid him in freeing the freedmen from the curse of rum.

The whiskey traffic not only injures the freedmen, but the whites also. Among the victims is Joseph Statton, a prosperous business man of Richmond. He became a slave to strong drink. He lost his business until his property was sold under mortgage by a saloon

keeper, who takes advantage of him during a long siege of drunkenness.

His family is reduced to poverty and disgrace. He finally murders his wife and is hanged for wife murder. He pleads his own case and blames the American voter for the licensed saloon, and charges indirectly of the murder of his wife. His daughter, Ethel, writes him a letter after hearing that he was sentenced to hang in which she informs him that she expects to give her life to aid in the abolition of the whiskey traffic. Her grandfather, a millionaire of New York City, joins her in the work, and agrees to spend his millions to aid his granddaughter in this noble work. Ethel so informs her father the fact, and encourages him by telling him that God has caused the wrath of man to praise Him, and that the tragic deed of her drunken father has put in motion a mighty wave which shall increase till the last licensed saloon shall have been swept from the face of the earth, and that the whiskey traffic is doomed.

Rosa Lee Vines, a beautiful daughter of the widow Lena Vines, of Forkland N. C., is full of life and cheer. Her very countenance beams with sunshine. She is popular and a favorite among her friends. The son of Lucian Ward, a rich planter near Greenville, N. C., wins her heart. They marry and he begins to drink. He makes his home a hell on earth and blasts the life of beautiful Rosa Lee.

Among the stately pines of North Carolina, on a little knoll in Pitt county, stood the mansion of the late Henry Vines. A widow, a son and two daughters were the sole occupants of this lovely home. Between the house and the road ran a small brook. The bottom of the brook was sandy, and full of minnows and small fish. Rosa Lee, in company with her brother Nathan and elder sister Lania, spent many a happy hour wading in the brook, catching minnows, building bridges across the stream and sailing boats on its rapid, sparkling waters. Birds of various kinds lodged in the pines at night and often fills the warm spring air with joyful notes. The howling winter storms played music among the waving pine branches, and the gentle spring zephyr kiss-

ed the carpet of straw beneath.

Rosa Lee, who was ever full of life and joy, often sat under the shade of a large elm in front of the house and listened to the singing of the birds, the humming of the bees, and whisper of the winds in the tall pine trees.

To her, life was full of beauty and happiness. She ever looked on the bright side of things. To her every cloud had a silvery lining, or was spanned by the bow of promise. She had a smile for every friend and a word of cheer for every troubled soul. She was a sunbeam in the home, giving warmth, pleasure and vigor to every one she met. Her very presence was an inspiration to the sick, despondent or unfortunate. To see her during these happy days one would hardly dream of her future being filled with storm and cloud. But the ruin whisky has wrought explains the mystery connected with a life so full of promise.

Wallace Ward, the second son of Lucian Ward, was an attractive young man. Rosa Lee had many admirers who tried to win her heart, but all failed, except the handsome young Wallace. His father was wealthy. Wallace was not a christian, but he was a sober, industrious, thrifty planter. His large farm contained hundreds of acres of the best river bottom. Tar river, with steamers from Washington to Tarboro, passed daily. With such a farm, and the most promising young man in all that section for a husband, Rosa Lee dreamed of a future all radiant with sunshine. What more could she desire? She was a devoted christian, and when she gave Wallace Ward her heart he promised her to become a follower of the Good Shepherd, and

## Doan's Trial Triumph.

The Free Trial of Doan's Kidney Pills daily carries relief to thousands. It's the Doan way of proving Doan merit with each individual case.

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Rockdale Tex. Dec. 30 1902.—When I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills I could not get out of bed without help. I had severe pain in the small of my back. The pills helped me at once, and now after three weeks the pain in my back is all gone and I am no longer annoyed with having to get up often during the night as formerly. I cannot speak too highly for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. I am now 57 years old, have tried a great many medicines, but nothing did the work until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. James R. Arthur.

Cleveland Ky. Dec. 28 1902.—I was laid up in bed with my back and Kid-

neys. I could not get myself straight when I tried to stand, would have to bend in a half stooping position. I got a trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills and took all of them. At the end of two days they got me out of bed and I was able to go about. I take a delight in praising these pills. Abe Gunn Jr.

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walk with her along the heavenly way road.

They were married and spent the honeymoon pleasantly. But he began to drink, and soon a dark cloud without a silvery lining, or the bow of a promise to span it, began to rise and cast a gloom over the horizon. Soon after they were married he moved in a small frame house on the farm, promising Rosa to build a mansion in a short time. But he soon became a slave to strong drink, and for years they lived in the old frame house. He would often go to town and get on a spree and remain away from home two or three weeks in succession. He lavished his love and money upon others less worthy than the one whom he promised love and protect. He often became drunk and would be his wife unmercifully. To be borned three sons and a daughter. When the children came they would run and hide under the bed in the closet, or behind the door in the back room. The dread to see him come home was a drunken spree. He was cruel and crabbed. When Wallace Ward was kind to her, Wallace Ward was but a wife and children. A very few were drunk he was or satify. No one could suit him or foud. He cursed his wife She couldnt with everybody. him or do nothing to suit his wrath. ing to appease his

Continued.